

Janesville Daily Gazette.

VOLUME 8.

JANESVILLE, WIS., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

No. 95. NUMBER 107.

THE NEWS.

The war news is not at all voluminous this evening, owing to the fact that the "lines have been down" which means, or being interpreted, that the gold and wheat speculators have so burdened the wires with private business that the company has no time to fulfil its prior contracts with newspapers. We had hoped that Grant would repeat his Vicksburg success of last year, and give us Richmond as a rest to our Fourth of July dinners, but it is too late for that now.

Our dispatches give some account of a very successful raid, and the destruction of a large amount of railroad property.

Gold met with a terrible tumble yesterday and to-day, and wheat seems disposed to follow suit.

The resignation of Mr. Chase, it seems, is final, and Senator Fessenden, of Maine, has been appointed to succeed him. It is thought he will accept. He is at present Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and has seldom agreed with Chase upon financial questions. Whether he will be any better sustained by the bankers of the country, than was Mr. Chase. A man of the strictest integrity and honor, and large capabilities, we regard his appointment as a tolerably good one, though we agree with Old Abe "that it is not a good plan to swap horses while crossing a stream."

STATE NEWS.

The Fond du Lac Press is responsible for what follows: "One of our good friends at Oshkosh, and one whose friendship we value highly, recently got married. Of course there was nothing remarkable in the fact of a man getting married, but there is a romance connected with this marriage which it can do no harm to relate, inasmuch as it is but another evidence of the strength and endurance of 'first love.' Our friend had been married before, and to the same lady who is now his wife. Some unfortunate difference arose between them, causing a separation and divorce. Both married again, and afterwards became widow and widower respectively. Each returned to the 'old love,' and they were recently married.—Capt. John Roberts, of the schooner *Traveler*, was drowned in Racine last Saturday night while attempting to jump aboard the vessel after it commenced moving. The Racine Journal says he was 'greatly respected, and his untimely death, to his family and friends, a heavy affliction.'—The Strongton Reporter says, that, while J. M. Webb was out shooting ducks on the lake, his gun was accidentally discharged and the charge of shot lodged entering Mr. Webb's right shoulder behind, apparently penetrating to the spine and lungs. He has partly lost the use of his lower limbs and causes blood. He was taken down the river in his boat. It is thought the wound will prove fatal. He is sixty-three years of age.—The 10th Anniversary of the Walworth Baptist Association, was held at Burlington on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, but the proceeding indicated the Association to be in a flourishing condition.—A gentleman just returned from Manitowoc reports that large fires were raging in the woods in Manitowoc County, on Saturday and Sunday last. Several houses and barns were burned. It was as much as the citizens in the village of Manitowoc could do to save their houses. The wind blew violently, carrying cinders and large pieces of bark on fire to a great distance. In the village a great many houses were set on fire in this manner, but the fire was put out by the citizens. The nail factory at Two Rivers was saved with great difficulty. A great deal of damage was done throughout the county.—James H. Wells, Editor of the *Jeanne County Argus*, died at New Lisbon on the 17th inst., aged 42. He has been connected with the Press of this State since 1848.—The Milwaukee Sentinel is gratified to learn that the managers of the Chicago and Milwaukee Railway have appropriated the sum of five hundred dollars to the wife and mother of John Durf, the engineer who lately lost his life near Kenosha, while heroically standing at his post of duty. It was a deliberate sacrifice to ensure the safety of those committed to his care and deserved the practical recognition it has now received.—The Berlin Courier says the locals are making industrious preparations to perpetuate or reproduce their kind in due time, by the deposit of millions of eggs, in the limbs of forest and fruit trees.—The people of Grant county have undertaken the work of erecting a suitable monument to such of the soldiers, residents of the county, who fall in battle, or lose their lives from any cause while in the public service during this rebellion and war for the union.—The Appleton Monitor records the laying of the corner stone of Grace Church, by Bishop Kemper according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. It was an interesting affair.

10th Wisconsin.—The 10th Regiment is now with Sherman. Letters should be addressed to 10th Wisconsin volunteers, 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 4th Army Corps, via Nashville.

LETTERS received by the Commissioner of Agriculture show that the growing crops in the eastern and middle States promise well. The hay, it is thought, will amount to a third more than usual.

From the Thirteenth Regiment.

CALIFORNIA, June 9th, 1864.
Editors *Gazette*:—Last night the 13th reached this place, having marched in three days a distance of forty-five miles. The first day's march was in pelting rain and intensely adhesive mud. Three wagons broke down, and guards were left with them until the next day. At dusk Col. Lyon and Adjutant Scott in advance, rode into Belle Fonte, formerly the county seat of Jackson Co. No signs of life—streets grown over with weeds. In silence a giant, hungry looking dog seemed glad to receive company. The heavy tread of eight hundred men, the cracking of whips, the rattling of harness and wagons, the neighing of horses and hideous braying of mules broke a stillness like the night of the grave. The brass band established itself forthwith in the upper story of the old Masonic Hall, and from the glassless, sashless windows, burst forth most delightful music. Scores of camp fires sent up their curling smoke, horses were hitched in buildings partly demolished, once porch'd and piazzed and still surrounded by countless roses and honeysuckles. Window blinds, doors, old boards or wagon ends being served us in place of tables, around which to "hard tack and bacon" we gathered, thankful that there was left us the luxury of ruins. And speedily, among piles of brick and charred timbers, on filthy floors, or under the trees in the pure air of heaven, the men, muddy, wet and weary were asleep.

Sabbath morning broke clear and beautiful. The wagons must be repaired and the roads bettered by little sunshines, so we stay until another day.

A pretty village was Belle Fonte. Quaint old burying ground where sleep the dead of forty years; jail with dark and loutsome dungeon in which chains are still fastened to the floor, fitted for the ankles. Here the "man of ebony" once clanked his chains guilty of the crime of trying to be free. Gardens with fences broken down are still "beautiful in ruins," roses, an hundred varieties, fill the air with fragrance. Honey-suckles and jessamine climb the walls, passion flowers, lilies, larkspur, daisies, pink and sensitive plants are in profusion—countless annuals try to beautify the desolation—grand old trees afford a generous shade, and here and there a strong old grape vine knits his neighbors in closer sympathy. Buildings stored with literary treasure have fallen down and piles of books "monuments of mind concrete wisdom to the wisest" lie mouldering on the ground. Four parts of families still remain at Belle Fonte, one of colored people. The man of black had gathered quite a library and conversed with fluency criticising the writers of poetry and prose, the historians, biographers, essayists and even the literary critics with "ease and well digested thought." He had just read Livingston's explorations in Africa.

Belle Fonte was the home in 1819 of an Indian and his pale face wife. Three hundred royal acres were under cultivation, and the slave was obedient to the red man plauter and wife.

Our next two days march of thirty-five miles, was through a good country, mountain and valley, a little rough to the eye of one accustomed to the prairie. Three framed houses were seen during the two days, not one of brick or stone. Large plantations lie waste, the negroes having gone. We passed through a field of about seven hundred acres of dry corn stalks and weeds of last year's growth. Old log houses poorly chinked, wells uncurbed, water drawn by nail and rope, rail fence in front of houses, when any at all, huge chimneys on the outside, and frequently built of sticks and mud. Three or four potatoes of thin, poor wheat, one piece of rye, about four acres, good; now and then a little corn growing well. One log school house, or rather a copartnership concern, for school and meetings (union of church and state,) with no lack of ventilation and benches of split logs. Several white women were seen plowing corn—with wretched plows and worse mules—children in countless numbers,—a few of the fair sex looking from the house, or were met walking along the road, gaunt, sallow, and perchance boneless and shoeless, clad in dresses of home-made cotton of a dirty hue, and one of these "angels terrestrial" in after dejection of spirit, and no doubt hoping to stay the mad hand of war, kindly inquired: "What are all you're comin' down h'ar to, Sir? we'uns for, we'uns ha'nt got nothin' agin' you's for you'as to come h'ar to kill all we'uns?"

We met one team, and that an ox team, to which was attached a wagon of extraordinary dimensions, its box strongly ribbed, and looking as though it might have been a twenty-pair galley of the ancient Romans. The butternut ox driver, long and lank, stood straight up in the spacious box, and with a patronizing look had sense enough to stop his four-wheeled concentration of the awkwardness of the past, and gaze at the passing fragment of "Uncle Sam's" great anachorons.

Spring's break from the foot of the mountains every mile or two. The soil is of red color, and occasionally ennobled by disintegrating rock. Some land has been farmed for forty-five years and is still good. Peaches, apples, pears, quinces, grapes, plums, cherries, &c., will be abundant.

Fruits ungrafted grow without care. No gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries or currants are found here. Oak, a dozen varieties, beech, elm, sycamore, pine, cedar, mulberry, ash, black walnut, locust,

honey locust, cherry, hickory, tulip, gum, alnus or tree of paradise, catalpa or bean tree, &c., abound here, and are frequently covered by vines of ivy, grapes (some bipinnate leaved) and varieties of isopoma.

This country has not been improved in the least for twenty years. The same old log houses their fathers built, they occupy, the same fields they cleared that cultivate, the same customs and habits of life which prevailed years ago appear still to exist. No change, no growth, no activity, no energy. The country has been obscured by human servitude. The dignity of labor has been forgotten. A beautiful country of exhaustless resources, has lain prostrate under a false system of industry. Civilization has moved not one step onward. As far as we can judge of Alabama to-day she is at least an hundred years behind the age. A poor, sallow, color-drooping, negro-hated, offspring-selling people dwell here in a delightful portion of man's fair heritage, ignorant, debased in every quality of manhood that is progressive—fallen and worthless.

Would to God the copperheads of Rock County, if such still exist, could with their own eyes, mark the contrast between this God-forsoaken country with all its natural advantages, and our own happy homes at the North, and learn to loathe themselves.

The North comes and that not far distant, when such men will in the deepest shame, pray that all trace of themselves may be obliterated from among men, to save from disgrace their children's children.

J. I. Foot.
Chaplain of the 13th Regt.

CROPS IN ILLINOIS.—So far as crops are concerned, State boundaries are unimportant, and it is therefore quite consoling to learn that Illinois, our neighbor, is comparatively well off. The Chicago Journal of a recent date says:—"A gentleman of this city, an old resident of the State—a business man, who is conversant with the interests of the West—returned yesterday from a trip through Central Illinois, and he desires us to say that, while riding through the counties of Champaign, Iroquois, Livingston and Douglas, he took especial pains, by inquiry and observation, to ascertain the actual condition of crops. He says that a fine crop of corn has never been raised in that section than is now growing—that the wheat promises first-rate, with some exceptions in the lowlands, being well headed out, and plenty of it. The winter wheat is now being harvested, and turns out very well. He thinks that a larger breadth of corn has been planted than ever before.

On the whole, our informant thinks that if there is a deficiency in crops in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, Central Illinois will do much towards supplying it."

A Soldier's Opinion of Grant's Campaign

The Middletown (N. Y.) Press publishes the following extract of a letter from a private in an Orange county regiment in Grant's army:

"We are enjoying ourselves in the usual way. We have light for breakfast, dinner, and supper, twice between meals, and three times during the night—in short, it has become a second nature. It is said a man who will leave his men to fight, loves it. In that case the Yankees must love to fight, for it is an every day occurrence to jump up from coffee and hard tack, and give the rebels a round or two.

"Our regiment has been under fire twenty-three days in succession, fighting more or less every day. It is whitewashed down pretty close. We have about eighty men left. We have nine men in Company C, now in the front, fighting like heroes. We have lost thousands of men, but more come in daily than we lose. I saw two Wisconsin regiments yesterday, the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth, enlisted for one hundred days to do garrison duty. Grant has brought them to the front to do garrison duty before Richmond.

"Grant makes the hand-box soldiers fight. White collars and patent leather boots are 'played out.' He fights men for what they are worth. He has the full confidence of the men; all orders, charges, marches, and all, are cheerfully obeyed.

"Our troops can see the spires in Richmond, the glorious fruits of thirty-four days hard fighting, and we are bound to take it, make a look all around, and go through Dixie on a double quick. January 1st, 1865, will see the flag floating all over the United States, its thirty-four stars and thirteen stripes frowning on secession as it slanders in the grave."

MARRIED IN HASTE—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune gives the following account of a marriage that recently took place in Kenosha, in this State:

"Yesterday afternoon a party of young ladies and gentlemen were collected at one of our picture galleries in Kenosha, when the subject of marriage came up as the subject of discussion. Among the gentlemen was a gay young lieutenant, of the 17th Illinois cavalry, and among the ladies was a Miss M., daughter of one of the oldest settlers of our city. They proposed to get married to see how it would do. Just then Justice Denning came in. Shoulder-straps asked the Squire if he would marry him. He said yes, if he could find any lady to have him. Miss M. jumped up, and said she would have him. The Justice instructed them to stand up and take hold of hands. The usual questions were asked and answered; and in five minutes they were man and wife. Then came the serious part of the joke. When the new made bride found she was really a bride, her laughter turned to tears. Her lawful husband wished her to go to his hotel with him, but she had fled to her own home. Her parents, nearly distressed, appealed to the Justice to undo what he had done; but were informed that the statutes of Wisconsin give him no authority to separate man and wife. Night came on. The bride was kept at home and the husband forbidden to enter the house. He is determined to have his lawful wife. She and her family are in great distress. Thus matters stand at the present moment."

SPRING'S BREAK—From the foot of the mountains every mile or two. The soil is of red color, and occasionally ennobled by disintegrating rock. Some land has been farmed for forty-five years and is still good.

Peaches, apples, pears, quinces, grapes, plums, cherries, &c., will be abundant.

Fruits ungrafted grow without care. No gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries or currants are found here. Oak, a dozen varieties, beech, elm, sycamore, pine, cedar, mulberry, ash, black walnut, locust,

LOCAL MATTERS.

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRADES.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Arrival and Departure.

Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien.

Arrival and Departure.

Milwaukee & Winona.

THE PERIL OF MARTHA WARREN.
A STORY OF THE AMONOOSUCK RIVER.

"Good bye, Martha. God help you! I shall be back in three days, at the farthest."

The hardy White mountain pioneer, Mark Warren, kissed his young wife, held his two-year-old boy to his breast, for a moment, and then shouldering the sack of corn which was to be converted into meal at the mill, forty miles away, trudged off through the wilderness.

Martha stood at the door of the log cottage, gazing out after the retreating form of her husband. An angle of the dense scrubby hill hid him from view, but still she did not return to the solitary kitchen. It looked so dark and lonesome there, she shrank from entering; or perhaps the grand sublimity of the view spread out before her held her attention, and thrilled her soul with that nameless, unexplainable something that we all feel when standing thus face to face with the works of His fingers.

The finest and most satisfactory view of the White Mountain is that which presents itself from what is now the town of Bethlehem, on the road to Littleton and Franconia. Mount Washington, the king among pines, is there seen in its proper place—the centre of the "rock-ribbed" range, towering, bald, blue and map-like.

Far up in a wild clearing, close by the turbid waters of the Ammonoosuck, was the cottage situated—a place wild and eerie enough for the nest of an eagle, but dear to the heart of Martha Warren as the home where she had spent the happy days of her young widowhood. When she had turned from many patrician suitors, in the fair old town of Portsmouth, to join her fortunes with those of the young settler, it was with the full and perfect understanding of the trials that lay before her. She would walk in no paths of roses for years to come; much of her life must be spent in the eternal solitudes, where silence was broken only by the wild winds of the forest, the shriek of the river over the sharp rocks, or the dismal howl of the redoubtable wolf-crier in the wilderness.

The necessary abnegations of her husband she dreaded most. It was so very gloomy to close up her doors at night and sit down by her lonely fireside, with the consciousness that there was no human being nearer to her than the settlement of Lord's Hill, ten miles away through the pathless woods.

There was little to fear from Indians, though a few in number of scattered tribes yet roamed over these primeval hunting grounds. They were mostly disposed to be friendly, and Mrs. Warren's kind heart naturally prompted her to many acts of friendship towards them, and an Indian never forgets a benefit.

The purple mist cleared away from the scarred forehead of the dominant old mountain, the yellow sun peeped over the rocky wall, and Martha turned away to the performance of her simple domestic duties. The day was a long one, but it wore toward evening, and the gloaming comes sooner in these solitudes than in any other places. The sunlight faded out of the unglazed windows, though it would lumine the distant mountains for some time yet, and Martha went out in the scanty garden to inhale the odor of the sweet pink on the one meagre root she had brought from her old home.

The spicy perfume carried her back in memory to those days away in the past, spent with kind friends and cheered by bright, young hopes. But though the thought of home and kindred made her sad, not for a moment did she regret the

absence of Charlie, her little boy; nor she saw with vague uneasiness that he had left the bairn of poppy—since that he had been playing—not far from where seen. She called his name, but only echo and the roar of the swollen river replied.

She flew back to the house, the faint hope remaining that he might have returned thither for his pet kitten; but no, the kitten was missing at the window, but no signs of Charlie.

With frantic haste she searched the clearing, but without success. Her next thought was the river, black as night, save where it was flecked with spots of snow-white foam—it floated down a few rods below her. She hurried down the brink, calling out, "Charlie! Charlie!"

The child's small voice at some little distance replied. She followed the sound, and to her horror saw her boy—his golden hair and rosy cheeks clearly defined against the purple twilight sky—standing on the very edge of the huge, detached rock, some ten feet from the shore, out in the sweeping current of the river!

This rock, called by the settlers "the Pulpit," was a good situation for fishing lines, and Mark Warren had bridged the narrow chasm between it and the shore with a couple of hewn logs.

Allured by some clusters of flaming fireweed growing on the side of the Pulpit, Charlie had crossed over, and now stood there, regardless of danger, laughing, holding out the floral treasures to his mother.

Marta flew over the frail bridge, and the next instant held her child in her arms, joyful because she had found him uninjured, and merrily resolving that the logs should be removed to prevent further accident, she turned to retrace her steps, but the sight that met her eyes froze her with horror to the spot.

Confronting her on the bridge, not six feet distant, was an enormous wolf, gaunt and bony with hunger; his eyes blazing like live coals through mire and gloom, his hot, fetid breath searching the very air she breathed.

A low growl of intense satisfaction stirred the air, answered by the growl of fifty more of his kind, belonging to the pack; in another moment they would be upon her.

Without an instant's thought of the consequences, Martha obeyed her first impulse, and struck the log with her foot, exerting all her mad strength in the blow. The frail fabric tottered, the earth gave way, there was a breath of awful suspense, and then the bridge went down with a dull plunge into the waters beneath! The sharp claws of the wolf had already fixed on the scent vegetation of the rock and he held there a moment, struggling with ferocious strength to gain a foothold, the next he slid down into the chasm, uttering a final howl of disappointed rage.

Marta sank on her knees and offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for her escape; but simultaneously with the heart-felt "amen" there came a dread recollection. The bridge formed the only connecting link between the Pulpit and the mainland, and that was severed! True, she was not more than twenty feet distant from the shore of the river, but she might as well have been thousands of miles out in the ocean. The water was deep, and it ran with almost inconceivable rapidity, forty or fifty feet below her, over rocks so sharp and jagged that it made her shiver to look over the brink.

Her only hope was in her husband. Should he return at the expected time, they might be alive; but if by any accident he should be detained beyond the time? She closed her eyes, and besought God for protection and help.

Cold and lorn, drenched by the mist of the river, Charlie began to cry for home. She could do nothing better than offer up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for her escape; but simultaneously with the heart-felt "amen" there came a dread recollection.

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THE PERIL OF MARTHA WARREN.

A STONY OF THE AMONOSOUC RIVER.

"Good-bye, Martha. God help you! I shall be back in three days, at the farthest."

The hardy White mountain pioneer, Mark Warren, kissed his young wife, held his two-year-old boy to his breast for a moment, and then shouldering the sack of corn which was to be converted into meal at the rudo mill, forty miles away, trudged off through the wilderness.

Marta Warren stood at the door of the log cottage, gazing out after the retreating form of her husband. An angle of the dense shrubbery hid him from view, but still she did not return to the solitary kitchen. It looked so dark and lonesome there, she shrank from entering; or perhaps the grand sublimity of the view spread out before her, held her attention and thrilled her soul with that nameless, unexplainable something that we all feel when standing thus face to face with the works of His fingers.

The sweetest and most satisfactory view of the White Mountains is that which presents itself from what is now the town of Bethlehem, on the road to Littleton and Franconia. Mount Washington, the king among pines, is there seen in his proper place—the centre of the "rock-cliffed" range, towering bold, blue and unapproachable.

Far up in a wild clearing, close by the turbid waters of the Ammonoosuc, was the cottage situated—a place wild and eerie enough for the nest of an eagle, but dear to the heart of Martha Warren as the home where she had spent the happy days of her young widowhood. When she had turned from many patrician suitors, in the fair old town of Portsmouth, to join her fortunes with those of the young settler, it was with the full and perfect understanding of the trial that lay before her. She would walk in no paths of roses for years to come; much of her life must be spent in the eternal solitude, where silence was broken only by the wild winds of the forest, the shrill of the river over the sharp rocks, or the dismal howl of the red-mouthed wolf in the wilderness.

The necessary absences of her husband she dreaded most. It was so very gloomy to close by her doors at night and sit down by her lonely fireside, with the consciousness that there was no human being nearer to her than the settlement of Lord's Hill, ten miles away through the pathless woods.

There was little to fear from Indians, though a few in number of scattered tribes yet roamed over these primal hunting grounds. They were mostly disposed to be friendly, and Mrs. Warren's kind heart naturally prompted her to many acts of friendship towards them, and an Indian never forgot a benefit.

The purple mist cleared away from the scared forehead of the dominant old mountain, the yellow sun peeped over the rocky wall, and Martha turned away to the performance of her simple domestic duties. The day was a long one, but it wore toward evening, and the gleaming comes much sooner in these solitudes than in any other places. The sunlight faded out of the unglazed windows, though it would illumine the distant mountains for some time yet, and Martha went out in the scanty garden to inhale the odor of the sweet pinks on the one meagre root she had brought from her old home.

The spicy perfume carried her back in memory to those days away in the past, spent with kind friends and cheered by bright, young hopes. But though the thought of home and kindred made her sad, not for a moment did she regret the fate she had chosen.

Absorbed in thought she had not observed the absence of Charlie, her little boy, nor saw she with vague uneasiness that he had left the bed of poppy—perchance where he had been playing and was not to be seen. She called his name, but only echo and the roar of the swollen river replied.

She flew back to the house, the faint hope remaining that he might have remained there for his play kitton; but no, the kitten was mewing at the window, but no signs of Charlie.

With frantic haste she searched the clearing, but without success. Her next thought was the river, black as night, save where it was decked with spots of snow-white foam—it flowed on but a few rods below her. She hurried down the brink, calling out, "Charlie! Charlie!"

The child's small voice at some little distance replied. She followed the sound, and to her horror saw her boy—his golden hair had wavy cheeks clearly defined against the purple twilight sky—standing on the very edge of the huge, detached rock, some ten feet from the shore, out in the sweeping current of the river!

This rock, called by the settlers "the Pulpit," was a good situation for fishing lines, and Mark Warren had bridged the narrow chasm between it and the shore with a couple of hewn logs.

Allured by some clusters of flaming fireweed growing on the side of the Pulpit, Charlie had crossed over, and now stood there, regardless of danger, laughing, holding out the floral treasures to his mother.

Marta flew over the frail bridge, and the next instant held her child in her arms. Joyful because she had found him uninjured, and mentally resolving that the logs should be removed to prevent further accident, she turned to retrace her steps, but the sight that met her eyes froze her with horror to the spot.

Confronting her on the bridge, not six feet distant, was an enormous wolf, gaunt and bony with hunger, his eyes blazing like live coals through mire and gloom, his hot, seid breath scorching the very air she breathed.

A low growl of intense satisfaction stirred the air, answered by the growl of fifty more of his kind, belonging to the pack; in another moment they would be upon her!

Without an instant's thought of the consequences, Martha obeyed her first impulse and struck the logs with her foot, exerting all her mad strength in the blow. The frail fabric tottered, the earth gave way, there was a breath of awful suspense, and then the bridge went down with a dull plunge into the waters beneath! The sharp claws of the wolf had already fixed on the moist vegetation of the rock and the bark thereof; as they were, they were torn from the tree, and the bridge fell with a crash into the water.

Martha sank on her knees and offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for her escape; but simultaneously with the heartfelt "Amen" there came a dread recollection. The bridge formed the only connecting link between the Pulpit and the main land, and that was severed! True, she was not more than twenty feet distant from the shore of the river, but she might as well have been thousands of miles out in the ocean. The water was deep, and it ran with almost inconceivable rapidity, forty or fifty feet below her, over rocks so sharp and jagged that it made her shiver to look over the brink.

Her only hope was in her husband. Should he return at the expected time, they might be alive; but if by any accident he should be detained beyond the time? But closed her eyes, and besought God for protection and help.

Cold and blue, benumbed by the mist of the river, Charlie began to cry for home. She could find nothing better

than that. She took off her own garments to load around him, and held him in her breast, and sang him the sweet cradle songs which had so often soothed him.

But the fierce howl of wolves, and the sullen thunders of the river, filled his little heart with terror, and all the long dark night through, he clung to the rock sleepily, trying to go home to safety.

Day dawned at last, the pale sun swam through a sickly sky, the pallid forecast of a storm. Weak and faint from hunger, and suffering intensely from cold for summer is no boomer of tropical smiles in that inhospitable clime—Martha paced back and forth the narrow limits of the rock. No one came—the faint sun declined—it was night again. A cold fog sank down over the mountain, followed by a drizzling rain, which before morning changed to a perfect deluge. The river rose fearfully, foaming milk-white down the gorge, filling the air with a thundering roar, like the peal of an imprisoned earthquake.

The day that followed was no better—only gray rain, and ashen-white mist—not a ray of sunshine.

A new fear arose in the heart of Martha Warren. The turbulent of the stream must have swept away the bridge over which her husband would cross on his return, and he would be detained—for days, may be weeks.

She gave up all for lost. Strongly and fearfully was she tempted to hold her child in her arms and plunge into the cauldron beneath, and thus end all her fear and doubt! It would be better, she thought, than to suffer that slow, painful death of starvation. But something held her back—God's curse was on those who desecrated.

Towards night a lost robin, beaten about by the storm, stopped to rest a moment on the rock. Martha seized upon him with almost savage glee for her child to devour raw—she, who three days before would have wept at the sight of a wounded sparrow.

Another night and day—like the other, only more intensely agonizing. Martha Warren was suddenly indifferent now, suffering but palsied every noble feeling; Charlie moaned for supper—the weak and spent to sit up, he was lying on the rock, his head in her lap, his great eyes fixed on her face.

She tore open a vein in her arm with her scissors, and made him drink the blood! Anything she said to herself, to calm the wild, wistful yearning of his eyes.

The boy moaned—he sat up, and crawled through the darkness.

"Mama," he said, "papa is coming! I tell him touch me!"

She wept at the mockery and drew the child frantically to her bosom.

The night was fair—lit up by a new moon.

Overcame by a deadly exhaustion against which she could make no resistance, Martha fell into an uneasy slumber, which toward midnight was broken by a startling cry. She sprang to her feet and gazed around her.

No! her eyes did not deceive her—on the shore stood the seal, the form of her husband, and he was calling her name with the energy of despair. She could only cry out, "Oh, Mark! Mark!" and fell senseless to the earth.

When she awoke to consciousness, she was lying on her own bed in the cottage, supported by her husband's arms.

It was real to dream. She and her darling boy were safe, and he had come back.

Many weeks passed before she grew strong again, but Mark tended her as a mother would an infant, and by the time the autumn frosts fell, she was the blithe Martha Warren of old.

At the time of the fresher, the bridge over the Ammonoosuc had indeed been swept away, but Mark, impelled by an uncontrollable fear—almost a presentiment—had crossed the river at the risk of his life, on a log raft, and reached home only to find it vacant.

The descendants of Mark Warren and his wife, still dwelt among the fertile valleys of Ammonoosuc, and the old men still tell to their grandchildren the story of Martha Warren and her child.

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Janesville Daily Gazette.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

NATIONAL UNION NOMINATIONS.

For President,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
of Illinois.

For Vice-President,
ANDREW JOHNSON,
of Tennessee.

ELECTORS AT LARGE:
W. W. FIELD. — H. L. BLOOD.

DISTRICT ELECTOR.
1st—**GEO. N. NORTHROP.**
2nd—**JONATHAN BOWMAN.**

3rd—**ALLEN WORDEN.**

4th—**HARVEY J. TURNER.**

5th—**W. J. BELITZ.**

6th—**A. S. McDILL.**

LETTER FROM "LITTLE GREEN."

HON. P. B. ROLPH of Green county, drops us a letter under date of June 30th, from which we make the following extract:

For some weeks past the people of this County have been living in a whirling, eddying, choking, blinding sea of dust. But the reign of dust for the present at least is over.

We have been blessed this morning with one of the most "powerful" showers that I ever saw. It was one of those pouring, splashing, dashing, thundering showers which old Wisconsin gets up. It will do much good to corn and some other crops.

Wheat is almost a total failure because of the drought and chintz bug.

The campaign opens finely in this County, Little Green will stand by her sister Rock in the coming struggle, true to liberty and right. The Cops, are terribly bad. They have been trying to stop the election, and are doing it.

Another night and day—like the other, only more intensely agonizing. Martha Warren was suddenly indifferent now, suffering but palsied every noble feeling; Charlie moaned for supper—the weak and spent to sit up, he was lying on the rock, his head in her lap, his great eyes fixed on her face.

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Janesville Daily Gazette.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1862.

GEX. ROUSSAU'S SPEECH AT LOUISVILLE.
—It has already been mentioned in our paper that a banquet was given by the citizens of Louisville to Gen. Rousseau. On that occasion this brave and patriotic officer spoke at length on the war and its purposes. We copy from the *Louisville Journal* the following significant passages that have altogether the right ring. The speaker is a Kentuckian by birth:

I have warned our Southern friends of the danger of continuing it much longer; and I tell you to-night, that if this war continues a year from this day, there will not be a slave left on the continent. The great revolution will take care of itself; the dead will bury its dead; and those who are causing all the bloodshed and desolation around us, under the false pretense that we desire to free their negroes, will, if they persist, one day find slavery snuffed out as easily as you snuff out a candle. Slavery is not worth our government. It is not worth our liberty. It is not worth all the precious blood now being poured out for freedom. It is not worth the free navigation of the Mississippi River. Nor we must still have our government—if not as it is now, with slavery in it, still we must have our government. We cannot be slaves to Jeff Davis & Co. We must and will be free. We must have the free navigation of the Mississippi River; and if slavery gets in the way of these rights, why slavery must get out of the way.

Wants, Sales, Bents, &c.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE, apply to GEO. G. CAMPBELL.

HORSE FOR SALE—APPLY TO GEO. G. CAMPBELL.

WANTED — A House-Keeper. Address, 612 Post Office.

TO RENT — A Good Convenient House. Apply to V. C. HIRSH.

FOR SALE OR RENT — A Nice Office, nearly new and pleasantly located. Apply to ALEXEN. GRAHAM.

FARMS FOR SALE—I offer for sale five good cultivated farms, one in Rock county and four in Dane. Same terms will be offered on reasonable terms. For further information apply to N. WILLIAMS, Agent, Washington, D. C., or Mr. J. M. DAWSON.

FOR SALE OR RENT — A small farm, 2½ miles east of the city. For particulars inquire at the hardware store formerly occupied by H. Smith.

FOR SALE — Two Second Hand Steam Boilers, one of them a small portable boiler, the others good sized 38 ft locomotive boiler. These articles may be obtained at a bargain. Inquire at this office.

DAY BOARDERS — A few Day Boarders can be accommodated at the house formerly occupied by W. W. Holden, corner of Pleasant and Franklin streets.

FOR PURE RYE AND WHEAT WHISKY, call at Kent's Distillery, Main street, Janesville.

THE FACT THAT has forced it to be longer than any other man in Janesville, and buying as he does directly from importers for cash, enables him to sell good products at prices that defy competition.

DRESS GOODS we can show you a beautiful assortment of

BLACK AND FANCY SILKS! Plain Figured and Plaid Alpacas!

Barbarous, Chiffon, De Lisse, Organza, Part Prints, Worsted, Linen, Cotton, Printed, Woolen Plaids.

The best assortment of

DRESS GOODS! and offered in this market.

Embroidered, Parasols, Balmoral Skirts, Hosiery, Hoop Skirts.

LADIES' CLOTHES AND SACKINGS! made of silk, cotton, or mohair. In plain muslin we can make any size stockings.

Linen & Cotton Sheetings & Shirtings! Denim, Stripes, Checks, Calico, Brown, Bleached and Colored Taffeta, Satin, Net, and Drapery in great variety.

The well and generally known.

JOHN HERRINGTON! will be in Janesville to cut and make any garment desired for man or boy from our beautiful assortment of

CASSIMERES, TWEEDS! Broad Cloths, Velvets, Vestings, &c., &c.

In the first and most approved style.

For men's and children's wear we will make a complete line of the same.

John H. Bennett, 139½ Main street.

WHITING & CO'S ART GALLERY.

Having completely refitted this establishment, this gallery cannot be surpassed by any in the country, and having presented the services of Mr. Smith as a partner from Newell Whipple & Black's photographic laboratory, Boston, we hope by your particular attention to give the public better pictures than they can get elsewhere.

CRAYON AMBROTYPE'S, which are the finest pictures made, can be procured at this gallery.

Photographs, Icotypes, Melanotypes, Cartes de Visits, Vignettes, taken in the best style and at reasonable prices.

LIKENESSSES WARRANTED to any part of the country with caravans and dispatch. Call and examine specimens. All negative rights reserved.

WHITE & SMITH, Proprietors, opposite Central Bank, Janesville.

PHOTOGRAPHS MAILED

to the post office, and to any part of the country.

We will continue the liberal patronage always extended toward this establishment.

THOMAS BURKE,

having established himself in the above named business three doors north of the American House, Janesville, most respectfully offers his services to any person requiring them, on the most reasonable terms.

A good stock of dry goods and shoes, Yankee and English, and second hand furniture bought and sold.

Having had 12 years experience in the business he hopes to be able to give general satisfaction.

T. BURKE, Auctioneer.

MUSIC!

Miss Margaret H. West, teacher of the

PIANO FORTE & MELODEON.

Residence at Mr. J. H. Ball's corner Franklin and Monroe streets.

BEAUTIFUL STYLES LADIES'

HATS, MRS. BEALE'S

Dry Goods.

SUMMER TRADE NOW OPENED

AT THE

NEW YORK CASH STORE.

A NEW ORDER OF TRADE

MERCHANDISE

Cheaper in Janesville

THAN IN NEW YORK,

All kinds of merchandise have advanced from 20 to 50 per cent.

In the Eastern Markets

In the past two weeks, and still advancing every day. In addition to our enormous stock bought early in March, we have been receiving in the past month

Very Large Additions

to our stock of

ALL KINDS OF MERCHANDISE

for the

SUMMER TRADE,

and notwithstanding the

THE VERY LARGE ADVANCE

In all kinds of merchandise in the past few weeks in the Eastern markets, we shall continue

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS

To sell our

GOODS AT OLD PRICES!

which is at least

Twenty Per Cent. Below

the present Eastern Jobbing price.

SMITH & BOSTWICK, 609½ Main street, June 6, 1862.

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

The undersigned are having made at Beloit, Wis., one hundred of those Reapers known as the

Cheap, or Webber Reaper!

Now, I am sending the increase of nearly double in price over other years of all materials put in Reapers, we are going to sell for 1862 at about the same price as before. Our prices at the shop are \$110 cash for single Reaper, for Reaper and Mower \$140. We are making Reapers which are much more durable than ever. They will be made of steel bars of the Buckeye pattern, except the fittings.

Those buying Reapers can have Mowers to the same price, at the difference between reaper and mower.

We do not deem it necessary to extol our Reaper, for it is already known to be the only two-horse Reaper in the world.

Nothing can be done for them, they ought to be three or four, and some of them six, to be equal to the horses ours are, to two ordinary horses.

Please send in your orders, ready to be sure of a machine, just as many as you have of them, will be built, and we will warrant each and every machine to be perfect.

Price sent in your orders, ready to be sure of a machine, just as many as you have of them, will be built, and we will warrant each and every machine to be perfect.

Work Well in all Kinds of Grain!

This Reaper will be different from last year. They will be over hanging reel, and have six bats instead of four keeping the reel, holding the grain to the sickle steady.

They will be shipped to any depot in Wisconsin or Illinois. Ten percent will be added if paid on time. One in the 1st of September, 1862, the Beloit the 1st of September, 1862.

Those buying Reapers will confer a favor by giving this machine publicity in their respective neighborhoods. When maturity gets to the usual stage we intend to make it a little dollar machine, and should expect to sell it for the upper colored high price of everything to construct it with.

The Reaper Shop at Afton!

Will attend strictly to the repairing of the Webber Reapers. None others wanted. We are prepared to repair them, and will be on hand to repair property. Charge light as the cost of material will admit. We shall manufacture none at that place, consequently we will be prepared to repair. Work collected. All orders should be directed to

CHURCH, WERNER & CO., Afton, Rock Co., Wis.

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THOMAS BURKE,

having established himself in the above named business three doors north of the American House, Janesville, most respectfully offers his services to any person requiring them, on the most reasonable terms.

A good stock of dry goods and shoes, Yankee and English, and second hand furniture bought and sold.

Having had 12 years experience in the business he hopes to be able to give general satisfaction.

T. BURKE, Auctioneer.

MUSIC!

Miss Margaret H. West, teacher of the

PIANO FORTE & MELODEON.

Residence at Mr. J. H. Ball's corner Franklin and Monroe streets.

BEAUTIFUL STYLES LADIES'

HATS, MRS. BEALE'S

in the best style and at reasonable prices.

PHOTOGRAPHS MAILED

to the post office, and to any part of the country.

We will continue the liberal patronage always extended toward this establishment.

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Janesville Daily Gazette.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

GEN. ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH AT LOUISVILLE.—It has already been mentioned in our paper that a banquet was given by the citizens of Louisville to Gen. Rousseau. On that occasion this brave and patriotic officer spoke at length on the war and its purposes. We copy from the *Louisville Journal* the following significant passages that have altogether the right ring. The speaker is a Kentuckian by birth:

I have warned our Southern friends of the danger of continuing it much longer; and I tell you to-night, that if this war continues a year from this day, there will not be a slave left on the continent. The great revolution will take care of itself; the dead will bury its dead, and those who are causing all the bloodshed and desolation around us, under the false pretense that we desire to free their negroes, will, if they persist, one day find slavery snuffed out as you snuff out a candle. Slavery is not worth our government. It is not worth our liberty. It is not worth all the precious blood now being poured out for freedom. It is not worth the free navigation of the Mississippi River. Nor, we must still have our government—if not as it is now, with slavery in it, still we must have our government. We cannot be slaves to Jeff Davis & Co. We must and will be free. We must have the free navigation of the Mississippi River; and if slavery gets in the way of these rights, why slavery must go out of the way.

Wants, Sales, Rents, &c.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE, apply to G. CAMPBELL.

HORSE FOR SALE—Apply to G. C. CAMPBELL.

WANTED—A House-Keeper.

Address, Box 502 Post Office, Janeville.

TO RENT—A Good Convenient House. Apply to MCKEEY & BRO.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A Nice Cottage House, nearly new and pleasant. Address, W. H. Williams, Stoughton, Dux Co., Wis.

FARMS FOR SALE—I offer for sale five good cultivated farms, one in Rock county and four in Dane. Sale terms will be sold on reasonable terms. For further information apply to D. L. Smith.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A small farm, 1/2 mile west of the city. For particulars inquire at the hardware store formerly occupied by H. E. Smith.

FOR SALE—Two Second Hand STEAM BOILERS, one of them a small portable boiler, the other a good sized 2000 locomotive boiler. These articles may be obtained at a bargain. Inquire at this office.

DAY BOARDERS—A few Day Boarders are accommodated at the house formerly occupied by W. W. Holden, corner of Pleasant and Franklin streets.

FOR PURE RYE AND WHEAT WHISKY, call at Kent's Distillery, Bluff street, Janeville.

THE FACT THAT BENNETT!

is the best in trade, judges that any other man in the country, and says he does directly from importers for cash, enables him to sell good goods at prices that defy competition.

In DRASS GOODS we can show you a beautiful assortment of

BLACK AND FANCY SILKS!

Plain Figured and Plaid Alpacas!

Bathrobes, Silk Taffeta, Part Drapes, Wombed Poplin, Linen do., Tortoise Shell Plaids.

The best assortment of

DRESS GOODS!

ever offered in this market.

Entirely new and improved.

LADIES' CLOTHES AND SACKINGS!

in every variety of color. In BLEACHED MUSLINS we can assure you good bargains.

Linen & Cotton Sheetings & Shirtings!

Linen Stripe, Check, Crease, Brown, Bleached and Colored Table Cloth, Napkins and Doilies in great variety.

The well and favorably known

JOHN HERRINGTON!

will be in attendance to cut and make any garment desired for man or boy from our beautiful assortments.

CASSIMERES, TWEEDS!

Broad Cloths, Velvets, Vestings, &c.

In the latest and most approved style.

Thankful for your liberal patronage, we solicit a few moments of your time.

G. K. BENNETT.

45 Main Street.

WHITING & CO'S

ART GALLERY.

Having completely refitted this establishment, this gallery cannot be surpassed by any in the country, and having procured the services of Mr. Smith, a partner from New York, Whiting & Co.'s photographic laboratory, Boston, we hope by careful attention to give to the public better pictures than they can get elsewhere.

CRAYON AMBROTIPIES,

which are the finest pictures made, can be procured at this gallery.

Photographs;

Micrototypes;

Cartes de Visits,

Signets,

values in the best style and at reasonable prices.

RESEMBLANCES WARRANTED

and self-same picture furnished without repeated fitting.

We shall continue the liberal patronage always extended toward the establishment.

PHOTOGRAPHS MAILED

to any part of the country with care and dispatch.

Call and examine pictures.

WHITING & SMITH.

Proprietors opposite Central Bank, Janeville.

45 Main Street.

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Miss Margaret H. West, teacher of the

PIANO FORTE & MELODÉON.

Residence at Mr. J. H. Ball's, corner Franklin and Holmes' streets.

BEAUTIFUL STYLES LADIES' HATS, at

45 Main Street.

DRY GOODS.

SUMMER TRADE NOW OPENED

AT THE

NEW YORK CASH STORE.

A NEW ORDER OF TRADE

MERCHANDISE

Chesper in Janeville

THAN IN NEW YORK.

All kinds of merchandise are advanced from 20 to 50 per cent.

IN THE Eastern Markets

at our stock of

ALL KINDS OF MERCHANDISE

in the

SUMMER TRADE.

and notwithstanding the

THE VERY LARGE ADVANCE

in all kinds of merchandise in the past few weeks in the Eastern markets, we shall continue

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS

to sell our

GOODS AT OLD PRICES!

which is at least

Twenty Per Cent. Below

the present Eastern Jobbing price.

SMITH & BOSTWICK.

Janeville, June 6, 1864.

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!

The undersigned are having made at Detroit, Wis., one hundred of those Raspers known as the

Cheap, or Webber Reaper!

Notwithstanding the increase of nearly double in price over other years of all materials put in Reapers, we are going to sell for at least 10 per cent less than we did last year. The price of the Raspers will be \$10 each for single Reaper, for Reaper and Mower \$140. We are making Fifty Mowers, which will be warranted to do good work. They will be made of steel-bars of the pattern, the same as the Webber.

Those buying Reapers alone can have Mowers the next year or thereafter for the same price, as the difference between reaper and mower.

We will be glad to let you see our Reapers, for they are generally known to be the only two-horse Reaper in use. Notwithstanding a great many are used with two horses, they ought to use three or four, and some of them are, to get the horse to carry the load.

Please send in your orders early to be sure of a machine, as positively one hundred of them will be built, and we will warrant each and every machine to

work well in all kinds of grain!

This Reapers will be different from last year. They will be the ever lasting reaper, and have six bats instead of the four hinged reaper, holding the grain to the scythe.

They will be shipped to any depot in Wisconsin or Illinois. Ten per cent. will be added if sold on credit. One thousand of them will be ready for sale the 1st of September, 1864, the balance the 1st of October, 1864.

Those buying machines will confer a favor by giving the machine publicity in their respective neighborhoods. When material goes to the usual dealers, we will be glad to let them know that we have done it for the unprecedented high price of everything to construct machines with.

The Reaper Shop at Afton!

will attend strictly to the repairing of the Webber Reapers. No charge will be made to repair or repair to hold up on easier wheels upon strict notice. Men will be on hand to repair promptly.

Charges light as the cost of material will admit. We shall manufacture none at that place consequently we will be prepared to repair. Work solicited. All orders should be directed to CHURCH, WEBBER & CO.

Scraped snowmen

AFTON, Rock Co., Wis.

JOHN HERRINGTON!

will be in attendance to cut and make any garment desired for man or boy from our beautiful assortments.

CASSIMERES, TWEEDS!

Broad Cloths, Velvets, Vestings, &c.

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Thankful for your liberal patronage, we solicit a few moments of your time.

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A NEW ORDER OF TRADE

MERCHANDISE

Chesper in Janeville

THAN IN NEW YORK.

All kinds of merchandise are advanced from

50 to 60 per cent.

IN THE Eastern Markets

at the very smallest profits.

RICE, GAUL & RICE!

Have for several weeks past been receiving direct from the English docks, large invoices of

NEW & SEASONABLE GOODS,

at the very smallest profits.

DRESS GOODS!

We have come in direct from the English docks, large invoices of

NEW & SEASONABLE GOODS,

at the very smallest profits.

SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR!

Spring styles or

GENTLEMEN'S SILK HATS!

Of New York and Chicago manufacture. We also have a

COMMERCIAL.

REPORTED FOR THE JAVENILLE GAZETTE, BY RUMFORD & GRAY,
SALES AND PRODUCES DEALERS.

JAVENILLE, July 2, 1864.

We make up prices as follows:

WHEAT—White milling spring at \$1.50 & 75.

WHEAT—White milling winter at \$1.60 & 75.

OATS—Good local and shipping demand at \$1.60 & 75.

BUTTER—Good local and at \$1.20 & 75 per lb.

CORN—Shelled at 60¢ per bushel.

HARVEST—Pumpkin samples at \$1.00 & 75; common to fair at 90¢ & 75.

TAU THY SEED—Gooch to choice at \$1.00 & 75 for 40 pounds.

DRESSED HOGS—Range at \$0.25 & 75 for light to heavy.

BLEANS—Pine white \$1.00 & 75; mixed lots \$1.10 & 75.

POTATOES—Onions—Lemons and Peas Beans at 50¢ each; mixed lots 25¢ & 75.

BUTTER—Same at 25¢ & 75 for good to choice rolls.

EGRS—fair sample at 10¢ per dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys, dressed, 80¢; Chickens 75¢ per pound.

HIDES—Sheep 75¢ & 75; dry 125¢.

SHEEP PRIMES—Range from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

TABACCO—Fair to prime leaf 50¢.

WOOL—Ranges from 75¢ & 75; 50¢ for unashed.

FLOUR—Retail at 50¢ & 75.

NEW YORK MARKET.

By Telegraph.

NEW YORK, July 2.

WHEAT—10¢ & 75 lower.

WHEAT—Wheat down, and a very bad "sheaf" on

Change of 75¢ bushels at \$2.00, & 20¢ & 75.

This morning, 40¢ bushels, no. 1 spring wheat at 20¢.

DAIS—30¢ of 20¢ bushels in store at 9¢.

CORN—30¢.

WOOL—Not far from 75¢ & 75.

DOD'S NEW YORK

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CORN—30¢.

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DOD'S NEW YORK

COMMERCIAL.

REPORTED FOR THE JASPERIAN CANCER, AT REED & GRAY,
DRUG AND PRODUCE DEALERS.

JANESVILLE, July 2, 1864.

We make up prices as follows:

WHEAT—Good milling spring at \$1.00 & 1.25

Shipping freight at \$1.00 & 1.25.

OATS—Good local and shipping demand at 75c & 90c.

BEEF—Good demand at \$1.00 & 1.25 per lb.

COD—Shaded per lb. \$1.00 & 1.25.

HARLEY—Prime samples at \$1.00 & 1.25; common to fair at 90c & 1.10.

TIN CHY SEED—Good to choice at \$1.00 & 1.25 for 40 pounds.

DRESSED HOGS—Range at \$0.25 & 25¢ for light to heavy.

BEANS—Plus white \$1.00 & 1.25; mixed lots \$1.25 & 1.50.

POTATOES—Choice, N. Turnips and Peas Blows at 50c & 60c; common and mixed lots \$1.00 & 1.25.

BUTTER—Average at 25¢ & 30¢ for good to choice roll.

Eggs—At 13¢ & 15¢ per dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys dressed \$2.50; Chickens 25¢ per pound.

HIDES—Green 75¢ & dry 110¢.

SHIRT PILLS—Range from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

TOBACCO—Fair to prime leaf tobacco.

WOOL—Ranges from 75¢ & 80¢ off for unwashed.

YOUNG—Spring at retail about \$4.00 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKET.

(By Telegraph.)

NEW YORK, July 2.

WHEAT—10.00¢ low or.

GOLD—\$2.35.

MILWAUKEE MARKET.

(By Telegraph.)

MILWAUKEE, July 2, 1864.

FLOUR—D. 10.00¢ lower.

WHEAT—Breaks down, and ending day. Sale at 80¢.

Charge of 1.00¢ bushels at \$2.00, \$2.00 & 2.05.

This morning 4.00¢ bushels No. 1 spring in store at \$2.00.

OATS—Sale of 2.00¢ bushels in store at 80¢.

CORN—\$2.35.

WOOL—Not in store. \$1.00 & 1.25.

DOTY'S NEW YORK

WASHING MACHINE

The best Washing machine ever introduced.

FOR ONLY TEN DOLLARS!

It will pay for itself saving clothes, besides doing more than half the labor of washing.

Every Family Ought to Have It!

and it is so cheap that none need be without it.

It is made by Doty's Machine Shop, the makers of the American Agricultural, James Brown, the famous Banking House of Brown, Price & Co., of New York, Liverpool, Baltimore, etc., the Thorndike family of Boston, the Mayor of Hoboken City, and other prominent men and families.

It is well constructed and patented by

WM. M. DOTY,

formerly of this city, now of 42 Park Row, New York.

It is now for sale.

& F. Doty, Main St., Jacksonville, Wis.,

is now manufacturing and selling these celebrated Clothes Washers, to whom all orders from the West must be addressed.

The trade has been great, especially in the West, and especially for circulars. Also furnishes the last \$2000 Clothes Washer in the market—welded frame, and 16-inch rubber rollers. Jobbedaway—200.

SKINNER'S PATENT

CLIMAX ADJUSTABLE

WASHING MACHINE

The best washing machine ever invented.

It is now for sale.

It